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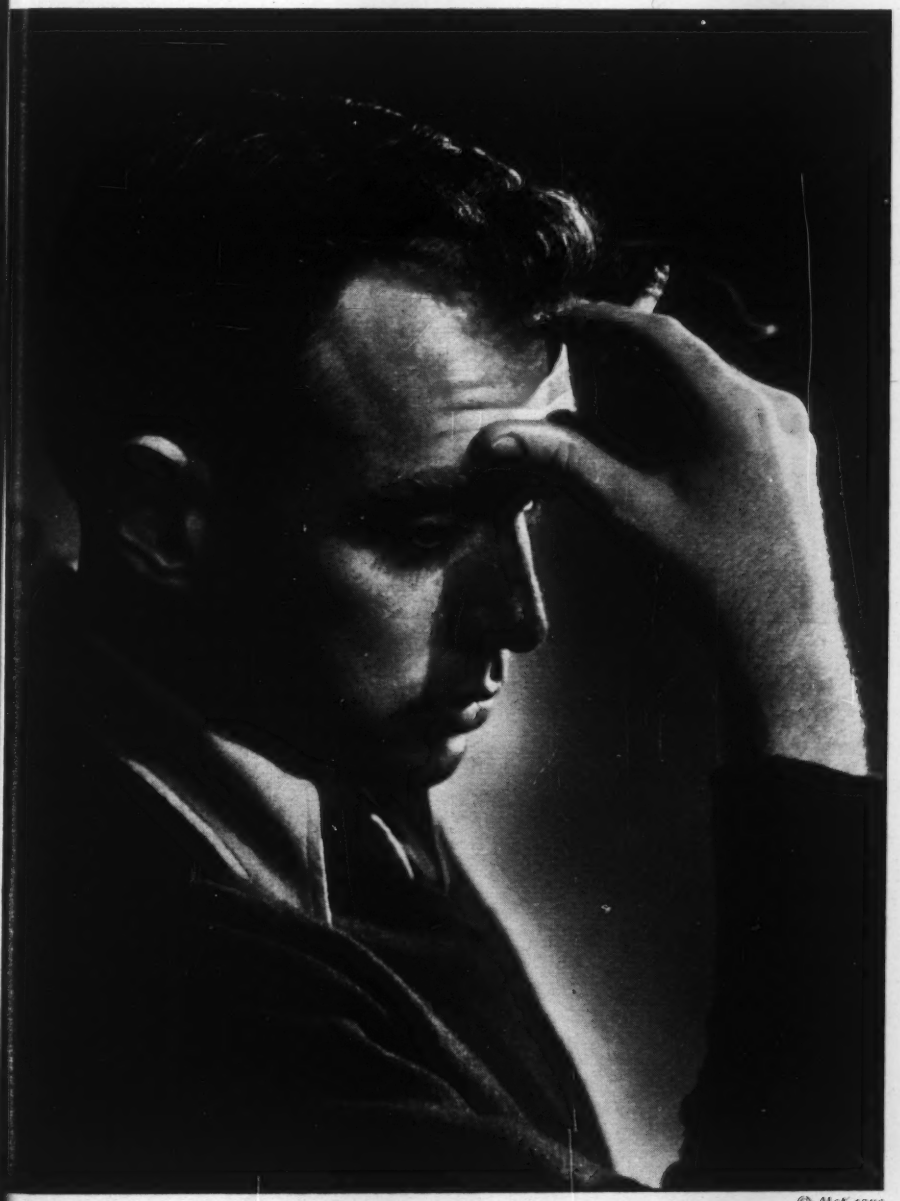

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DONALD G. DAVIS: The Second Season. (Page 4).

The Front Page

Spokesmen for Canadian trade unions are full of dark foreboding when they talk about the coming winter's prospects for labor; there will be 700,000 people out of jobs, they say. If the estimate is as reasonable as some of the suggestions made for dealing with the prospective lack of work, Canadians can look forward to the most prosperous winter in their history.

Looking around for a convenient scapegoat for unemployment, the union leaders have picked on immigration. They have obtained a good deal of support from the ignorant people who have always suspected that foreigners, alien beings who have the effrontery to speak a different language, are brought to Canada simply to take jobs away from honest citizens. But the union leaders are not ignorant; they are intelligent, well-informed men, most of them, which makes it difficult to understand how they could reason that immigration, rather than, say, lack of sales, caused a slackening of economic activity, and how they could reach the witless conclusion that immigration policy should be decided not by Parliament but by a commission representing labor,

THE VINTAGE CAR CULT
By the Earl of Cardigan: Page 7

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Jewels—Cartier Virginia Thoren

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

management and government.

The proposal of a commission is too silly to be taken seriously. If a government, responsible through Parliament to *all* the people, cannot be trusted with one matter of national policy, like immigration, it cannot be trusted with others and therefore serves no useful purpose; the whole parliamentary system should be abolished and the affairs of the country handled by commissions appointed by special interests.

Superficially, there seems to be sound reasoning in the theory that immigration should be curbed or eliminated when there is considerable unemployment in Canada. Closer examination, however, reveals how deceptively silly it really is. Canada has a productive capacity far greater than its domestic needs; either we must sell abroad what we cannot absorb at home or we must produce less—which means unemployment. It follows that the more our own market grows, the less we need fear what happens beyond our borders; a corollary is that the more we sell at home, the better able we are to compete with foreign products.

All this adds up to one answer; Canada desperately needs more people — more mouths to be fed, more bodies to be clothed and housed, more brains to enrich the nation's thinking, more hands to fashion the future, more pockets to share the demands of taxation, more Canadians to make and buy the products of Canada. Meeting that need is the way to create new jobs as well as to restore the ones that may be lost. To do anything else would be like putting a husky growing boy on an old, feeble man's diet.

The Simple Things

THE SENSES are so belabored these days by the claims made for various products that it is as relaxing as a hot bath to come across a bit of honest simplicity in advertising. We doubt, however, if the designers of a huge poster we saw the other day on our way to Malton Airport intended its message to be quite so simple. In two lines, it had five words: "Save" and "The Bank of Toronto".

A Revival in Fox

FEELING THAT a summons to Morgan's Fur Salon to meet Norman Hartnell, the Queen's dressmaker, amounted to the equivalent of a command appearance, we dusted our sleeves, straightened our tie and went. "I've got other customers, too, you know," he said, when the introductions were over. "In fact, quite a few. Mrs. This and Mrs. That. They're not all Lady So-and-So or the Dowager Duchess of Such-and-Such. Quite a clientele, you might say." A photographer snatched him away from us and

The Front Page

while he posed with a pretty red-headed model wearing one of his fur designs we had time to note what the famous couturier was wearing himself: a suit of houndstooth check in shades of reddish brown, a cream waistcoat cross-barred in brown, and a white tie with small flecks of red and brown.

"Show a little ankle, please," said the photographer and Mr. Hartnell obligingly hiked up his trousers. "My sporting shoes," he said, displaying a pair of white and tan Oxfords and a fairly thick ankle neatly stockinged in beige. "Don't blame you," he said when the photographer suggested it was the model's ankles he was interested in. "Canadian girls have a nice stretch of ankle."

"I came over to Montreal 18 months ago to see my friends, the Grosvenor boys," he told us when the photographer

Miller

NORMAN HARTNELL: An eye for line.

let him go, "and they said to me, 'How about doing a collection using Canadian furs?' That's their business, you know, fur manufacturing. Well, I took a little time to think it over. It's not the sort of thing you can decide to do on the spur of the moment. I'm not primarily a fur designer. Besides, your Canadian furs are lovely enough without doing a great deal to them. Now that's a pretty thing," and he eyed a model wearing one of his fox stoles. "Quite a revival in fox, you know. There's nothing a woman can put next her face as becoming as white fox. Pose with her? Delighted."

While the photographer ordered us about again, a tall pleasant young man who introduced himself as Dennis Grosvenor told us that Mr. Hartnell took to designing at the age of six when he was in bed with the measles, but didn't get down to it seriously until leaving Cambridge, when he got a job with a couturier at £3 a week and was fired in three months. "He set up on his own then and when he designed the all-white wardrobe for the Queen Mother's state visit to Paris in the late thirties, he was made. Wonderful eye for line he's got. Look at the detail on those pockets. You wouldn't think you could do that with fur, now would you?"

"Finished?" said Mr. Hartnell to the photographer, stepping neatly over his equipment. "What I'd really like to do is see a dentist, but I'm not sure I can afford to." His tongue made an exploratory trip round his mouth. "A bit rough back in there. Not again?" he said to the photographer, who was nudging his elbow. "Oh, well." He mopped his brow. "'Hotstuff Hartnell' they call me. Now what do you want me to do this time?"

A Deceptive Age

A MESSAGE reached our desk the other day, informing us that soon we would have the exquisite pleasure of eating especially prepared dehydrated whale meat "with the flavor of fine minced steak". We shall avoid it. It is enough to find minced steak with the flavor of steak, and if whale must be eaten let it taste like whale. What is this mad craze for making one thing taste like something else, for monkeying around with fish so that it may be mistaken for meat, with meat so that it masquerades as fish, and so on? It's a wise child these days who knows his own fodder.

Wool, Old and New

LOYAL TO our generation, we're convinced that today's school children, victims of all sorts of newfangled methods of teaching, will grow up to be incoherent morons. Still, it's pretty difficult to subdue the nagging suspicion that the good *old* methods were not eminently successful in producing people who could think and express their thoughts clearly, especially when some of the so-called traditionalists start talking. There was a speech made the other day by Dr. G. B. Strathy, for example. Dr. Strathy was being installed as Chancellor of Trinity College, and he chose that occasion to make what he described as an attack on "progressive" education.

"Might not the experienced British diplomacy stem from the traditional education of Britain's public men, while the sense of immediacy in the U.S. approach results in progressive educational theories?" he was quoted as saying. "I fear the product of traditional education would be unable to live up to the

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The Front Page

tenets of progressive democracy if certain aids to happiness were non-existent. Traditional education can do without television, the radio, the movies and comic strips."

We've read that several times and we're still not sure if Dr. Strathy is for or against what he calls traditional education. Certainly British diplomacy during the past half century or so is poor advertisement for the British curricula of yester-year; the diplomats have been charming, well-bred fellows, but the results of their diplomacy have been ghastly. It's possible that Dr. Strathy knew what he wanted to say in the reference to "tenets of progressive democracy", but unfortunately he failed to say it simply or clearly enough to make it understandable to others. Then, "traditional education" could get along without television, the radio, and so on, simply because it had to get along without them; it is absurd to say that education today can find no use for them and we're fairly sure Dr. Strathy did not intend to reach any absurd conclusion, even though his language was too woolly for anyone to be certain about it.

There is much to be said for sterner intellectual discipline in schools, but all that Dr. Strathy proved was that the need for such discipline has existed for a long time.

A Break for Authors

A PUBLISHER just back from a fact-finding journey across Canada brought us a sad tale a few days ago. Canadian literature, he thought, would never amount to much simply because Canadians were borrowers, not buyers, of books; libraries were doing a fairly brisk business but book-sellers had to stock everything from gum to glassware to avoid bankruptcy; and how could writers exist if there were no royalties?

A sorry situation, you must admit, but not one that is entirely hopeless, at least for the author. When a library buys one or more copies of a book, the author gets royalties only on the number bought. Hundreds of thousands of people may borrow that book, but they pay only for the services that the library provides; they pay nothing to the author for the entertainment or instruction he has given them. It is grossly unfair that he should be expected to do so, and there is no reason why he should not get a royalty from each borrower.

Song writers and recording artists get royalties for the use of their compositions and records by radio stations and similar establishments. Obviously, writers should get the same consideration from libraries. It should not be too difficult to work out an arrangement for payment based on use, along the lines of that worked out for the protection of musicians and performers. It is not right that authors should be expected to subsidize the enjoyment of readers as well as to undertake the tormenting job of creating what they will read.

Vice-Admiral (E)

WE CAUGHT up with Vice-Admiral F. T. Mason, CB, the Royal Navy's Engineer-in-Chief, between visits to industrial concerns in Southern Ontario. He had just finished an inspection of the John Inglis plant in Toronto and was on his way to Babcock and Wilcox, Galt, and Canadian Westinghouse, Hamilton.

"Awfully impressed by what I've seen," he said. "Here at the invitation of the

Elliott & Fry

ADMIRAL MASON: Impressed.

Royal Canadian Navy. Matters of mutual importance, emphasis on defence program, of course, and to see what is going on in shipbuilding and engineering. Good thing for senior officers to visit opposite numbers, getting to know them, seeing their establishments, dockyards, so on. The Royal Canadian Navy is a jolly good force. Haven't seen everything yet—been to Ottawa, going on to Halifax, Montreal and Esquimault—but awfully impressed. I'll be visiting naval establishments in the United States before I go back. Later, hope to go to Australia."

Recruitment of engineering personnel for the Royal Navy was a bit of a problem, he said. "We are up against wives and full employment. Navy career a very good thing, but then I have a vested interest." He joined as a cadet in 1918, served as a midshipman with Admiral Earl Beatty and entered the Navy's engineering branch in 1921.

Nuclear propulsion would be the next big step in naval development, he said, "like the change from sail to steam, from coal to oil. Still a good way to go, though. Steam not yet exhausted and full possibilities of diesels and gas turbines not exploited. But nuclear certainly next major step. Nuclear weapons will make a big difference, too. It is right off my beat, but I do not expect to see heavy ships in the battle line again. Certainly be large aircraft carriers and so on, but few big battleships. Have to go now. Lot to do."

He moved as briskly as he had talked. Our mental image as he left was not of ships cutting formal patterns across racing seas, but of a man sitting behind a big desk and juggling three or four telephone conversations with unruffled efficiency.

Growth in Eggs

FARMERS throughout North America undoubtedly will be happy to know that agricultural scientists have found ways of using radio waves to test the freshness of eggs, of mechanically recording the strength of egg shells and of discovering cracks by electronic "listening". The experts, however, have not yet been able to find a gadget that will measure the curious growth that seems to take place in so many eggs between the time they are bought from the farmers as "mediums" and sold to the housewife as "large".

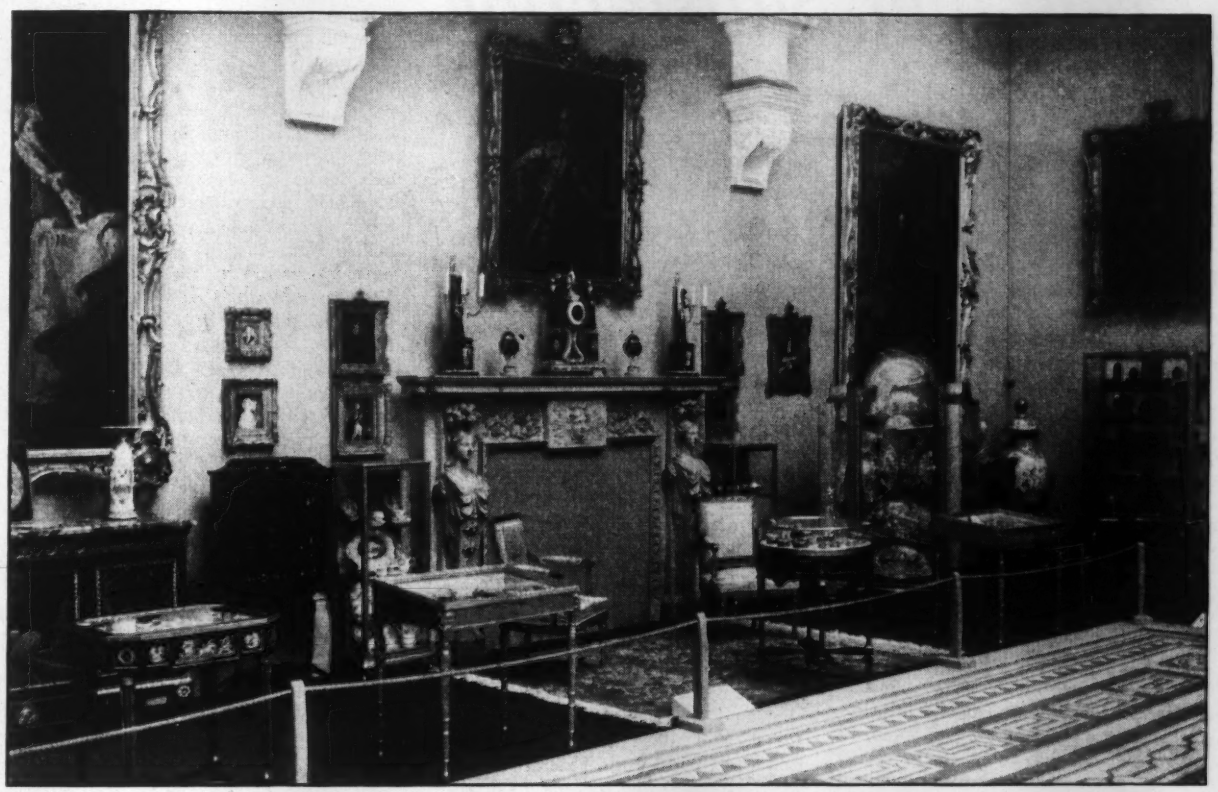
Canadiana (*Cover Picture*)

THE DAVIS family got their Crest Theatre away to a racing start in Toronto a couple of weeks ago. It was the beginning of the Crest's first full season, after playing to well over 100,000 people from January to June this year; it opened with Robertson Davies's *A Jig for the Gypsy*, the first play written by a Canadian to be put on by the Crest company; and the stars were Donald Davis and his sister, Barbara Chilcott, both still with some of the glow of fine performances at the Stratford Festival still on them. Murray Davis, busy with theatre business, was not in the cast.

The Crest is playing a tested favorite, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, this week, and later will present Graham Greene's *The Living Room* and T. S. Eliot's *The Confidential Clerk*, but there will be at least one more original Canadian play put on this season. "It's by a Toronto writer," Donald Davis told us, "but I'm not at liberty to say more about it yet. One of our prime interests is the encouragement and discovery of Canadian playwrights. Canadian theatre will never have a firm foundation until it has an individual body of drama written by Canadians — not about Mounties or the Maple Leaf, but with a distinctively Canadian point of view."

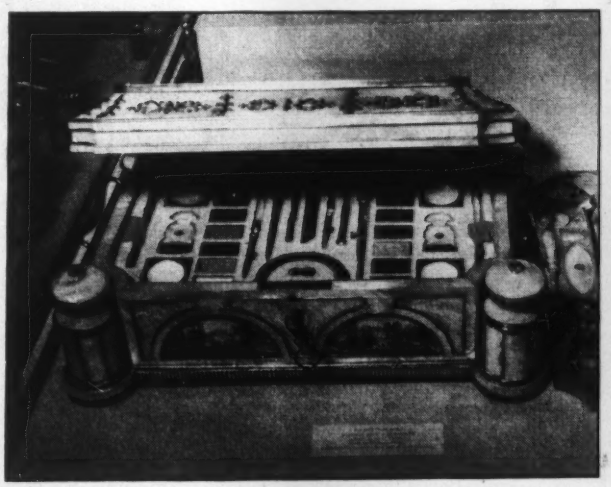
Queen Mary's Treasures: A Royal Display

Antiquarian Zeal and Impeccable Taste Make a Notable Collection



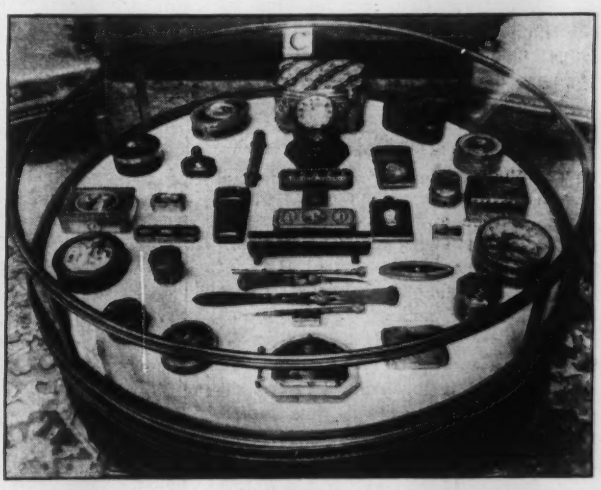
PERIOD PIECES FROM HER DRAWING-ROOMS, NOW BEING SHOWN AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

The late Queen Mary was an indefatigable shopper and made shrewd purchases in the antique shops she delighted to visit. The mantel is flanked by cases of European porcelains. The carved and gilt chairs are 18th century English. At the extreme left is one of a pair of Chinese lacquer cabinets. Over 400 pieces of engraved mother of pearl were used in the inlay of the cabinet to its right. The folding screen at the right contains English and French fans.



RECREATION BOX

This box, of mother of pearl and decorated with painted views of Vienna, was made by Nicholas Rozet. It is a fine example of 19th century Viennese craftsmanship.



MISCELLANEOUS BIBELOTS

Among the small curios displayed in this case are a gold musical box, a Japanese lacquer toilet box, enamelled gold patch boxes and an ivory-covered note-book.

Reuter photos

The "Vintage Car" Cult: Pride and Satisfaction

By THE EARL OF CARDIGAN

FROM HUNDREDS of vantage points between Edinburgh and the Channel coast, British spectators during the past few weeks have been watching the progress of a strange cavalcade. They have seen some two dozen antique motor cars go by, of which nearly half have been American products, transported by their proud owners across 3,000 miles of water in order to tour the British Isles in company with vintage or Edwardian cars of indigenous breed. The latter, chosen with anxious thought from amongst the several thousands of early vehicles owned by British enthusiasts, ranged from a Wolseley Siddeley of 1906 to a comparatively youthful Bentley of 1928.

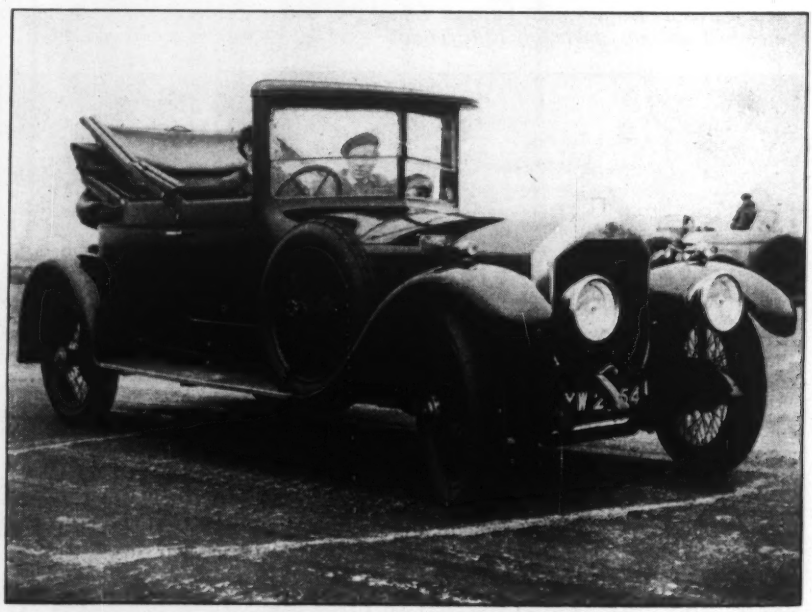
The fact is that, in Britain, the love of old cars has become a well established oddity and, except in remote districts, now occasions no more remark than, let us say, an addiction to horses or carrier pigeons. Some 3,000 British motorists belong to clubs that cater exclusively for those whose cars are of venerable age, and a really keen club member, by travelling around the country, could attend almost every week throughout the year an event of some sort, ranging from the highly organized race meeting or hill climb where the sports cars of the 1920s fight their battles over again, through the less exacting rally or *concours d'élégance* to the purely social gathering of local enthusiasts at their favorite inn. These last-named events occur usually on a fixed day of the month, so that he who reads his club notices will be aware, for instance, that on the second Thursday of each month he can repair to the *Dog and Duck* at Crankingham, where he can feast his eyes on an array of antique vehicles drawn up in the car park, and can find in the bar parlor a number of fellow enthusiasts, ready and willing to discuss with him the endless technicalities of old-time motoring. To those who have been bitten by the old-car bug, this sort of thing is pure bliss.

British owners of old cars, however, while unanimous in scorning the modern motor vehicle, are themselves divided into three well defined categories. At the summit we may place those who possess genuine Veteran cars, which are defined as those built prior to 1905. Only Veteran cars may take part in the celebrated London to Brighton run, which occurs annually on the anniversary of what British motorists know as Emancipation Day, that is the day on which Parliament annulled the Act which had required the earliest road vehicles to be preceded by a man on foot carrying a red flag. Veteran cars, naturally, are rare, and they command high prices; you may easily pay £400 for one—a figure exceeding that at which the vehicle was listed by its makers 50 or more years ago.

Highly respected also are those who own Edwardian cars, which by definition are not necessarily those built during the reign of King Edward VII, but those that are deemed to be characteristic of the Edwardian period in a general sense, that is those of the decade 1905-1915. Edwardians are greatly prized, for they belong to the earliest period when cars had ceased to be tricky and unpredictable machines, and had attained a reasonably high level of both reliability and comfort. Americans will pay as much as £1,000 for a first-class Edwardian in original condition — let us say a Rolls-Royce "Alpine Eagle". Few Englishmen, alas, can pay so much to gratify their hobby, and this economic problem causes some searchings of heart, since it is considered unpatriotic to let cars of this class be sold out of the country.

Most English enthusiasts content themselves with what are termed Vintage cars—those built between 1915 and 1930. Especially popular are the sports cars of those days: Sunbeams, Bentleys, Vauxhalls and the like; but great pride is taken in any car of 1930 or earlier, and a Vintage motorist would be correspondingly indignant if it were suggested to him that his favorite was really of the "modern" 1931 type. It is the dogma of all Vintage motorists that really good cars ceased to be built (except at impossible prices) after the year 1930.

It is still possible to buy a genuine Vintage car for as little as £50 or £100 —although this seldom turns out to be a wise investment, since a car so priced will almost certainly prove to be in bad condition, and the purchaser will have to spend much money on it, before he can bring it to that pitch of perfection which he will consider necessary. Be it noted that all Vintage cars from the humble Morris Cowley or Baby Austin upwards, are commonly kept in the best condition possible. Their coachwork is spotless, their nickel plating (never the despised chromium) gleams in the sun; no spot of leaking oil defiles their engines; copper tubing, if any, is burnished; above all, no



A Napier 40/50 h.p. coupé, an early Vintage car. "It is the dogma of all vintage motorists that really good cars ceased to be built after 1930."

James Brymer

A 48 h.p. Rolls-Royce of 1911, a perfect example of the Edwardian closed car.

squeak, knock or rattle must attract a suspicion that the beloved vehicle is past its prime.

Beware, when you speak to an old-car enthusiast, of congratulating him on the smart appearance of his "old crock". This description will anger him, and it is, in fact, a silly one. If a Vintage car was built to give a certain level of performance back in the 1920s, its latter-day owner will not be content with less. There is in existence a Vauxhall that provides what is perhaps the classic example of this; it was built in 1924, designed to reach 100 mph when stripped for competition work. In 1953, its present owner took it to the Montlhery race track in France and—just for his own satisfaction—drove it as hard as possible for one hour precisely. The distance covered was 106.9 miles.

While old cars of this calibre exist, it is not surprising—although modern manufacturers may think it a little disquieting—to find that there are a great many Englishmen who habitually drive Vintage cars for every-day purposes, and as a matter of preference. If offered the opportunity to exchange the old one, at no cost, for a new car of the same make, they would quite firmly refuse.

Why is this? I suggest that, first of all, many Englishmen are slightly ashamed that their cars are now built, not to satisfy English taste but to conform to what is conceived to be the wish of the dollar-paying purchaser. Our designers have long known, for instance, that cars hold the road and corner best if their front springing is moderately firm, and if their centre of weight is not too far forward of the centre of the car. Despite this knowledge, English cars now roll off the assembly lines having floppy front springs (or so the purist will tell you), with their engines carried far in front and set about with a garish and unwanted display of chromium. These cars undeniably sell well in overseas markets; but the Vintage motorist who observes them spinning their rear wheels when the roads are ice-bound—"and my old car as steady as a rock, sir!"—is frankly contemptuous.

Let us be fair, and admit that the average English motorist takes what is given him and is tolerably well content. But the Vintage motorist knows what he likes, and sees very clearly that, in a new car, he is not getting it. When we say this, however, we find that another important factor has been uncovered. To be tolerably content with one's motoring—with one's ability to get from A to B and back again without difficulty or trouble—is not the same thing as to enjoy it; it may be satisfaction, but it is not pleasure. The Vintage motorist differs from his more up-to-date fellows in that he gains an active enjoyment whenever he takes his old car on the road.

This may be largely due to the fact that the older cars have individuality. Not only do they differ from modern cars, but one Vintage car will differ slightly from another, even though they be of identical type. Before 1930, the better sort of car was still largely assembled by hand. One did not, for instance, put *any six* pistons together to make up a six-cylinder engine: one picked out the six that appeared to balance each other most perfectly—and thus the new car that was sold to Jones would vary minutely, yet quite perceptibly, from its apparent twin.

The Vintage motorist takes pleasure also in the fact that he can control and modify the performance of his car in a great many different ways. It may well be that automatic devices fitted to the modern car are more efficient regulators of such things as the petrol-air mixture or the ignition timing than any human agency can be; but you will not persuade the Vintage driver that this is the case. He knows, or thinks he knows, that it is his judicious touch on this or that knob or lever, applied at the very moment of need, which makes the old car run so smoothly or climb hills with such youthful power. It is not very material whether he is right or wrong; the point is that, watching his numerous dials and manipulating his varied controls, he actively enjoys his motoring — every mile of it.

Thus the growing cult of Vintage motoring in England, although at first sight an oddity, has intelligible causes. It is essentially a revolt against machinery which has become too Americanized, too inaccessible and too stereotyped.

Yes—I had better admit it. I myself, when motoring for pleasure, use a 1927 car.

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Letter from London

Gloom, Gussies and Ginger Pop

By Beverley Nichols

RAIN, RAIN, RAIN. Day after day, week after week, month after month. A perpetual pall of grey over the city, the parks deserted, the lawns a sodden mass. The threat of ruin to all tradesmen who depend on the sun.

This, you may tell me, is not news. British weather is so notoriously foul that it has long ceased to be even a talking point. But this year the weather *is* news. These long, dark, remorseless months have got the population down; they turn their white faces to the menacing skies with a feeling of personal bitterness. The black-out of the wartime years was bad enough; this is far worse; it is a black-out of Nature herself.

Let me give you one or two examples to illustrate what it has been like. On August Bank Holiday, after fourteen weeks of pelting rain, I decided to go down to Devonshire — which is ironically called "The English Riviera". The weather-men had actually forecast a fine week-end. What happened? Gales and icy winds and sheets of hail which whitened the fields. That was only part of it. For there was also "darkness at noon". At midday, in midsummer, motorists over the whole county had to switch on their fog-lamps.

I repeat, it gets you down. It is sinister. Since last January — repeat, last January — there have only been a few hours during which it has been possible to lie in the sun. Strange things are happening. I am writing in September; the clock on the wall points to noon; it should be a golden day. Instead — I have had to switch on the lamp, and light the fire. And only an hour ago, out of a chill, steely sky, for no apparent reason, there came a thunder-clap to end all thunder-claps, and the gardener came in to say that the big pine in the opposite field had been struck. He added that there would be no honey this year, because the bees were starved, that potatoes were being rationed, because the rain had stopped the picking, that his old parents were being evacuated because their home was flooded, and. . .

Oh, forget it! I should not have mentioned it.

Meanwhile, in spite of the rain, and the fog, and the icy breath of summer, the London stock exchange has been booming as it has not boomed for years. I was in the City yesterday; I wandered up into the gallery of the exchange, and looked down onto the crowded floor. It was a scene of pandemonium, with the main interest centred in the brokers who deal in stores and draperies. A friend of mine came bounding up the stairs, and as he ran past he called out: "Gussies have topped five pounds!" This mysterious item of news referred to the shares of Great Universal Stores, which are the particular interest of an ebullient genius called Isaac Wolfson. Gussies, over the past year, have rocketed and expanded in a way that must be enchanting to those who bought them and is certainly sickening to those, such as

Miller Services

Dank and cold on the English Riviera.

myself, who did not. But then, so have all the other great store groups.

The reasons are fairly obvious. For the first time in history, the average pay-packet in Britain has risen to £10 a head, which is more than treble pre-war. This news comes on top of the removal, a little while ago, of the last restrictions on hire-purchase. Add to this a record production of new houses, a steep rise in the marriage rate, and a record low in unemployment, and you will realize why the shops are full, and why the champagne corks pop so cheerfully in the neighborhood of Lombard Street.

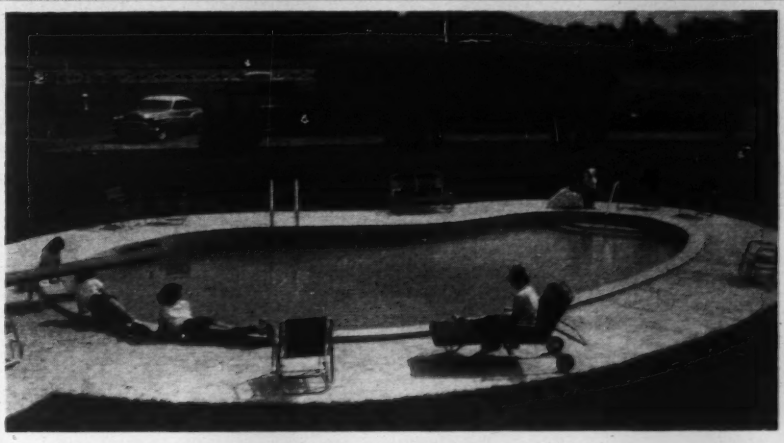
But there is one other reason — not perhaps such a healthy one — why the shares of stores have shown such a spec-

tacular rise. It is because of the swift revolution that has been taking place in the value of London freeholds. Until a year or two ago many old-established businesses, with branches in the City and the West End, had continued to assess their freeholds at prices that bore no relation to their present value. This anomaly was spotted by a few of the new giants of finance, who proceeded to corner a majority of the shares. Then, with control assured, there has been a sensational offer, a transfer of authority, a reorganization of capital, and a sale of the freeholds in question, which are finally leased back to the original owners.

It is an ingenious procedure, but not a creative one; it is money-juggling rather than the creation of real wealth. And it is putting London, more and more, into the control of a few mass organizations. The way of the small retailer, the little specialist, the master-craftsman, becomes harder and harder. I had an example of this only yesterday. I was passing one of the oldest barber shops in Mayfair, a shop where the scissors have snipped more distinguished heads than in any other barber's of Europe. I went in to buy a bottle of a certain lotion which used to stand on the dressing-table of every dandy in history, from the Prince Regent downwards. As the old attendant gave it to me I noticed that it had a new and very vulgar modern label, instead of the charming, old-fashioned list of testimonials. "What on earth is this?" I asked. The old man sighed. "'Ideous, sir," he agreed, "quite 'ideous. But you see . . . we've been . . ." another, deeper sigh, "we've been *habsorbed*".

As a journalist I am naturally concerned by any development affecting the traditions and principles of Fleet Street; it was therefore with particular interest that I read the young Duke of Devonshire's remarkable advertisement for the *Daily Mail*. It suddenly burst upon the public in the shape of a full page in the *Radio Times*, which numbers its circulation by millions. It was in the best tradition of the aristocratic cold cream advertisements of the thirties. Half of it was occupied by a photograph of the Duke against the stateliest of backgrounds, including an Empire clock, surmounted by an eagle, and a picture which I took to be a Romney. A small insertion mentioned that he was the eleventh Duke, that he had been educated at Eton and Trinity, and had won his MC while serving with the Coldstream Guards in Italy.

Then came the sales talk: "My *Daily Mail*, by the Duke of Devonshire". By comparison it seemed a little flat. One gathered that His Grace found the *Daily Mail* a "civilized" paper, that he liked its make-up, its honesty, and its sense of proportion. (So, incidentally, do I.) Perhaps the most convincing piece of propaganda lay in his confession that he studied



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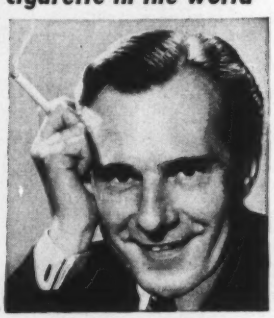

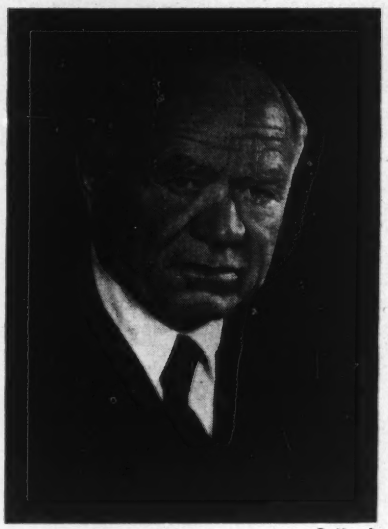

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LORD BEAVERBROOK: His new Junior Express *has a cheerful sparkle.*

the paper before he went racing, to see how the *Daily Mail* weighed up form.

Well, there we are. The Duke is a man of intelligence and integrity; so is the editor of the *Daily Mail;* in spite of this the combination seems to me unexpected, and if I were the newspaper's circulation manager I should have hesitated to spend money on this type of publicity. It may be true that "the English dearly love a lord", but the time has long vanished when they paid the least attention to what a lord may say.

More Fleet Street news, this time in the shape of Lord Beaverbrook's *Junior Express.* The first number flashed onto the bookstalls on September 4, with a cheerful sparkle of red ink, which was a welcome contrast to the prevailing gloom, fog and downpour. It was a direct challenge to the *Junior Mirror,* which had appeared three days before, and it is likely to give the proprietors of *The Mirror* a considerable headache, for it is a far livelier paper. Indeed, *Junior Express* has more than a touch of genius; it is as sparkling as a glass of ginger pop; and it shows a quite astonishing insight into the mind of modern British youth, which is still resilient and adventurous. Perhaps the greatest tribute it has received is from *The New Statesman,* which, as the organ of the left-wing intelligentsia, is fiercely anti-Beaverbrook and all his works. The worst this journal can find to say about the two new arrivals is: "A rivalry in children's newspapers is at least more sensible than the idiotic circulation war of the thirties; and the public will be glad to note that these new 'juniors' at least avoid those features of cruelty and violence which are so often regarded as the most suitable reading matter for the children of today."

From *The New Statesman* such a tribute is the equivalent of an accolade.

Foreign Affairs

Mr. Dulles and the Germans

By Willson Woodside

POOR MR. DULLES. He was just back from an exhausting trip to the Far East and he had to fly off at once to Bonn and London. Why? No one seemed to know, really. Even the *New York Herald Tribune*, the leading Republican newspaper in the U.S., didn't know why. But if the purpose was obscure, the outcome is not; the chief result of this trip is the snub it administered to France. Make every allowance you will for disappointment and frustration over the French rejection of the European Defence Community, this is not diplomacy.

Of course, the chaps with the typewriters always "know better" than the diplomats with their wire baskets freshly filled with confidential dispatches every morning. But surely one does not have to be a journalist to see that the first thing required in the present situation was an Anglo-U.S.-French conference to try to work out a common policy towards Germany. There is no such policy at present. And not only is there no agreed Anglo-U.S.-French policy, there is no agreed Anglo-U.S. policy or even an Anglo-French policy. As things stand, the Americans want the Germans in NATO, with full national sovereignty. The British want the Germans brought into the Brussels Pact (an alliance between Britain, the Low Countries and France, hastily formed after the Soviet coup in Czechoslovakia in 1948) as a first stage of their admission to NATO, with some restrictions on their arming. The French don't want the Germans rearmed at all, but if this has to be done then they insist that Britain be as closely involved as they are and that considerable restrictions be placed on the Germans.

Very little can be achieved, in this situation, unless Dulles, Eden and Mendès-France can get together. But the Americans were determined to let the French know their displeasure, and were busy in the Pacific. So Mr. Eden set out to mend the fences as best he could by himself. Then, while he was in Paris, Dulles whisked over to Bonn. Such is the present state of Western "diplomacy" and "cooperation"; it is for reasons such as these that we are going through the worst year since 1948, when we began to pull together.

It looks as though the Americans, in their single-minded intention of adding German military strength to the Western alliance and in their disillusionment with France, were setting out to make Germany their principal continental ally. The knowledgeable James Reston of the *New York Times* remarked that Dulles had taken along with him to Bonn Assistant Secretary of Defence Struve Hensen, "who can be counted on to reflect the pro-German sentiment of the Pentagon".

The British Government, on the other hand, is meeting with growing opposition to any policy of German rearmament. It must take careful account of the possibil-

Wide World

ADENAUER: Is this the kind of help that he needs?

ity that the Labor Party Conference will actually vote against such a policy, and of the latest opinion poll, which shows the Labor Party more popular than the Conservatives.

The West German Government, in turn, is meeting with growing opposition to its policy of putting rearmament in solidarity with the West ahead of the reunification of the country. The provincial election in Schleswig-Holstein turned on this question, and it went sharply against the Adenauer party. In the face of this, it may have seemed to Mr. Dulles that he should rush over to Bonn to give good-European Adenauer the support of the U.S. Government, and let the French know the extent of their isolation.

The actual consequences of this American attitude could, however, be quite different from those intended. Is such an expression of outside support the best way to back up a German chancellor facing a growing nationalist sentiment? Is a withdrawal of American support likely to weaken the position of a French premier who has already made useful political capital out of the "ganging-up" against France at the Brussels Conference of the EDC powers? It seems more likely to reinforce the already wide-spread anti-American sentiment in France.

Combined with loose American talk about switching alliances in Europe, relying mainly on the Germans supplied through Belgian and Dutch ports, and getting along without the French by duplicating in Spain the airbases that NATO has built up in France, Dulles's diplomacy is rapidly turning a difficult situation into an impasse.

Left alone, and given quiet American backing, Mr. Eden might have pulled out a solution. It would have accepted the defeat of EDC and concentrated on what was now obtainable. The plan was to give West Germany her full sovereignty through a declaration of the occupying powers, Britain, France and the United States. This would be accompanied by a statement of Allied policy on the reunification of Germany, the position of Berlin, and the maintenance of troops for the protection, but no longer the occupation, of Germany. On the military side Germany would be brought into a European framework, with a British counter-balance —on which the French have insisted all along—by admitting her to the Brussels Pact. Finally, she would be brought into NATO, to grip her in the broad Western alliance and satisfy her insistence on full equality.

Now, instead of such an orderly policy carried out by Anglo-American-French agreement, we are going to have two conferences, the first including the six EDC powers along with Britain, the U.S. and Canada, and the second the whole NATO Council, in which the Germans, backed by the Americans, will angrily face the French. The Germans will be in a position to bargain, for the first time since the war. The French, no doubt, will be infuriatingly stubborn.

One can only hope that the proceedings will provide a sharp reminder that as the Germans become stronger their less desirable characteristics will tend to dominate, while as the French become weaker, more fearful and more resentful, they may turn again to the old formula for holding Germany down through a Franco-Russian alliance. Is Mr. Dulles ready to face *that*, in order to win his own way with the Germans?

Ottawa Letter

The By-elections in Quebec

By John A. Stevenson

THERE IS LOOMING up a series of Federal by-elections which will provide the first real test of political sentiment since the general election held in August, 1953. Conditions are now less propitious for the success of Liberal candidates. In the first half of this year, industrial production fell by 3 per cent, export trade by 7 per cent, and there has been a substantial volume of unemployment even during the summer. Two of the vacant seats are in Montreal, a city whose fortunes have been adversely affected both by unemployment and the drop in export trade. One of these seats, St. Antoine-Westmount, used to be a Tory stronghold until Mr. Abbott captured it in 1940, and the other, St. Lawrence-St. George, since 1917 has been in Conservative hands slightly longer than in Liberal.

Both seats ought to be extremely vulnerable to attack, and the Progressive Conservative party needs to win both to restore its prestige in the country.

In view of the slight shade of difference between the policies of the two senior parties, the by-elections are likely to be decided by the quality of the candidates and their capacity for a successful appeal to the voters. In St. Antoine-Westmount, Egan Chambers, who cut down Mr. Abbott's majority severely in 1953, has been nominated as the Progressive Conservative candidate.

His chances of success should be excellent as he is a first-class candidate. But according to a friend of mine, who was a delegate at the Progressive Conservative convention in St. Lawrence-St. George, there is scant ground for optimism about a Conservative win there.

The delegates had a choice between two candidates, Major De Volpi and Murray Hayes. The former having, like Mr. Chambers, reduced very substantially

CP

THE HON. GEORGE MARLER: May be a useful lieutenant.

a Minister's majority in 1953, naturally felt that he was entitled to a second try. He circulated before the convention a somewhat lengthy brochure, written in English and French, which is an extraordinarily naive production. It recounts Major De Volpi's quite admirable record in peace and war, and teems with statistical information about the population of the riding, its voting record and its former members away back to Confederation. But only a third of one of its 11 pages is devoted to what is styled "the Conservative viewpoint" and there is not a word in the document about unemployment, export trade, the grain blockade, the St. Lawrence seaway, national health insurance, and other current problems.

The recent by-election in Compton makes it plain that Mr. Duplessis is still in the saddle in Quebec and that no Liberal politician in the provincial arena can begin to cope with him. Mr. St. Laurent is up against a tough opponent and he cannot rely upon much help from his own Ministers from Quebec. He is said to be counting a lot upon his new Minister of Transport, George Marler, who is apparently going to contest St. Antoine-Westmount.

If Mr. Marler is elected, he will not cut much figure at Ottawa, unless he is a great improvement upon his near kinsman, the late Sir Herbert Marler, who, despite his high protectionist views, adorned one of the King Ministries for a few months. If Mr. Marler is free from Sir Herbert's foibles, he may be a useful lieutenant to Mr. St. Laurent, but it is highly dubious if an English-speaking Protestant from Montreal can wield much influence with the voters of rural Quebec, where Mr. Duplessis' strength lies.

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Books

The Mould of Form

By Robertson Davies

THE NUMBER OF WOMEN who take clothes seriously seems to be on the increase. Of course many women pay some attention to the clothes they put on their backs, but it has always been observable that the best clothes for women are designed by men and made by men, and that all the great philosophers of clothes have been men. But of late some excellent volumes on the history of clothing have been written by women. The name of Doris Langley Moore is justly honored; Phillis Cunnington has collaborated with her husband in producing the excellent *History of Underclothes* (Joseph 1951); and I have at hand a handsome volume called *Corsets and Crinolines*, by Norah Waugh. It calls for consideration at length.

Its subject is clear from its title. The book traces the history of the corset from the fifteenth century to the present day, and with it the various means by which women have built out their skirts. The corset seemed to have run its course in the 1920s, but since that time small waists have come back into fashion, and whalebone and steel supports are not unknown; at least one Queen of England has worn an unmistakable crinoline within the past ten years; it would be foolish to assume that these fashions will be seen no more. In any case, it is interesting to study the way in which they have grown.

Miss Waugh is an historian of costume, and she is also a designer for the stage. She states an obvious truth when she says that we cannot expect to understand historical costume unless we know what was worn underneath it; but, like many obvious truths, this one has been overlooked by a great many people. Foundation garments are so called because they give a characteristic shape to the figure, and determine the way in which the wearer shall walk, stand and sit. Anybody who has felt the fascination of historical costume will want to read her valuable book and study its many illustrations.

I have never understood why some elementary study of costume is not part of all courses in history. What knowledge have we of Queen Anne, or Alfred the Great, or Martin Luther, if we do not know what sort of clothes they wore and what they looked like? What people wore in the past decided what they were as plainly as what they ate, or the sort of beds they slept in. It is impossible for every student of history to delve deeply into these matters, but at least they should have a chance to know that Columbus did not wear a wig, but that Captain Cook did so, and that people wore shoes which fitted left or right foot equally well until almost the beginning of the eighteenth century.

I have met several schoolboys who could tell me how Cartier's ships were

JACKET design of Norah Waugh's handsome volume "Corsets and Crinolines".

rigged, and in what important ways his rigging differed from that of Captain Vancouver; knowledge of what these explorers wore, as they conquered the globe, is fully as interesting. Indeed, one of the astounding things about Samuel de Champlain is the extraordinary rig-out in which he walked and canoed through our Canadian wilderness. It is no superficial remark that clothes make the man; clothes show what a man thinks about himself; they are an expression of a philosophy. And as clothes make the woman, too, we must get down to foundations to begin our study.

Miss Waugh reproduces pictures of early sixteenth century corsets which are simply pieces of armor, for they are made of iron, with uncomfortable looking holes through which the breasts protruded. She suggests that these were for "difficult" figures—a remarkable understatement. Corsets in England were usually made of linen stiffened with whalebone, iron or ivory; there are records of pasteboard corsets. They were all capable of being laced and strapped tightly, so they would pinch in the waist, and either flatten the breasts, or push them up into prominence, according to the fashion of the moment. The accompaniment of such a corset was a device to give greater fullness to the hips. This might be a bolster of horsehair, tied around the waist, called a "hausse-cul" in Europe, and a "bum-roll" in England. It could also be a cage of whalebone, or steel, to carry the weight of the skirts. Sometimes the cages were worn only on the sides, and were called panniers after the baskets worn by pack-mules, or they were on the sides and back, and were called farthingales. It was not until the eighteenth century that hoops, which made the skirt stick out all around, came into being.

It must not be supposed that these fashions were accepted without protest. Wits made fun of them; philosophers explained at merciless length that they were foolish; divines roared passionately in condemnation. But for very nearly four hundred years women sought to give the impression, by their dress, that they had tiny waists, unnaturally high breasts, and enormous posteriors. Nobody believed that this was in reality the case; it was merely an ideal of the female figure which was cherished. And who are we, in the '50s of the twentieth century, to laugh at it? What is our ideal of womanhood on this continent? Is it not a girl with a square mouth painted the color of a postbox, monstrous jutting breasts, and no buttocks at all? And was it not, a quarter of a century ago, a girl with no hair, no bosom and no behind—a mere sausage with legs?

To say that there is no accounting for fashion is to evade a difficult problem. There is a way of accounting for it, as readers of some books on the philosophy of style (Dr. J. C. Flügel's *The Psychology of Clothes*, to name but one) but it is too complex a matter for this article, and Miss Waugh does not attempt it in her book. But one point is worth noting: the fact that a fashion is unhealthy has never, of itself, succeeded in destroying that fashion.

The wearing of extremely tight corsets, as was done during most of the nineteenth century, was thought to be bad for the lungs. The best medical opinion of the day said so, and though we know that medical opinion often directly springs from puritanism, rather than science, it seems probable that such squeezing of

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By Robertson Davies

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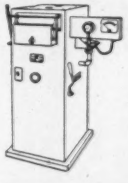

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the lungs and entrails cannot have been good for anybody. Nevertheless several ladies put themselves on record as having laced themselves so tight that they fainted at times, but suffered no other ill effect. Many fashionable girls' schools undertook to reduce the waists of their charges from, for instance, twenty to thirteen inches, by progressively tighter lacing. There was a perpetual outcry against the custom, but it was not discontinued until the fashion changed, and fashion does not change at the dictates of physicians or divines.

Why did women do it? This extract from a letter written by the Duchess of Devonshire in 1778 gives what was probably the usual reason: "My dear Louisa, you will laugh when I tell you, that poor Winifred, who was reduced to my gentlewoman's gentlewoman, broke two laces in endeavoring to draw my new French stays close. You know I am naturally small at bottom but now you might literally span me. You never saw such a doll. Then, they are so intolerably wide across the breast, that my arms are absolutely sore with them; and my sides so pinched!—But it is the 'ton'; and pride feels no pain. It is with these sentiments the ladies of the present age heal their wounds; to be admired is a sufficient balm."

Miss Waugh's book consists of short chapters in which she explains alterations in style, followed by much longer sections in which she reproduces a variety of contemporary comment on each style.

This book is a beautiful curiosity, and deals admirably with its restricted theme. It says little about corsets for men, common though these were at least until the First Great War; a little book could be written about them. But as a work on women's corsets it is unquestionably the best book yet to make its appearance.

CORSETS AND CRINOLINES — by Norah Waugh — pp. 172, index and many splendid illustrations — *Clarke, Irwin* — $9.00.

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Jacket drawing by Georges Schreiber

JOHN BARRYMORE, John Decker and W. C. Fields at a typical session.

Minutes of the Last Meeting: The End of Barrymore

By GENE FOWLER: PART IX

SINCE the United States declaration of war in December Sadakichi Hartmann had not wandered far from the Indian reservation. Decker said he hoped our half-Japanese, half-German friend would stay right where he was and practise his war whoops and snake dances far from Bundy Drive.

"He's bound to pop in here sometime though." Decker sighed. "And then we'll both land in the pokey for keeps."

"Let us telephone the Bard of Nippon," Barrymore suggested. "Perhaps he has composed a new sonnet."

"Hell no!" shouted Decker. "Anyway, there's no telephone in his wigwam."

"We could send up smoke signals," Jack said, "and he could answer us by using his pipe."

In April I received a telephone call from a worried Decker. "Sadakichi is at my studio! Says he's not Japanese at all, but has just discovered that his mother was a Korean!"

Decker tried to explain to the obdurate Hartmann that by his mere presence he was placing everyone in the household in jeopardy.

"Just as I thought," Hartmann said. "I am a man unwanted."

He told Decker that earlier in the day he had been standing at a Banning street intersection when a passing motorist stopped to ask directions. Sadakichi said he was a stranger himself to the town—a lie of course—then asked for a lift.

"Where do you want to go?" the man asked.

"Anywhere," Sadakichi replied. "Wherever I go, there I will find Destiny awaiting me with laurel leaves."

"I'd like to find the shortest route to Los Angeles," the motorist said. "Get in, and we'll ask someone the way."

Upon reaching Hollywood the motorist refused to take Hartmann farther than Vine Street. The old fellow got into a taxicab to go the remaining ten miles of his journey to Decker's; and the artist, of course, had to supply the fare. The self-appointed Korean demanded food, drink, and some phonograph music. He would not leave until Decker had made a descent to the cellar to get a fifty-dollar bill from the pirate's chest and had telephoned for a taxicab to call for the unwelcome guest.

Even then Hartmann was in no hurry to depart and kept the taxicab standing outside Decker's door for almost an hour. When I appeared on the scene Hartmann greeted me with a sarcastic speech. Then he delivered a lecture, but I can recall only this part of it. "Decker keeps hammering at me to approve his art. Hah! Painters often forget that the soul alone can speak to the soul; and the soul of painting—not its form—is lasting."

Soon after this a bright-mannered young man from Military Intelligence called on me. I showed him to my study.

He displayed his card of authority. "Do you know a man named Sadakichi Hartmann?"

"Indeed I do."

"Would you care to tell me what you know about him?"

"Have you a month or so to spend as my guest?"

The young man studied for a time. "Does he hate America?"

"He hates the whole world."

"Oh?" My visitor seemed a bit concerned. "I have been assigned to make inquiries about him. This is confidential, of course. Does he oppose this war?"

"He opposes all war."

"He does?"

"Yes, and so did General Grant. You will find in Grant's *Memoirs* that he regarded the Mexican War as a most unworthy action of conquest, and the War between the States as a terrible tragedy."

After a silence I said to the young man, "I take it that you are trying to determine whether, because of Hartmann's German-Japanese ancestry, he is a dangerous person these days?"

"That, and the circumstances of his arrest in the First World War. Do you think he might possibly be working against the present war effort?"

"He is a very old man, and ill," I said. "And I don't think anyone would trust him with a mission, good or bad. Suppose I let you read my correspondence with him? It will take some time to do so, but I think it will afford you a true measure of his character. Then I'll answer all your questions."

The young man occupied himself for some two or three hours with the Sadakichi letters and papers. Meantime, I did my garden chores.

Almost an acre of vacant ground stood next to my house, and there I had planted a flower garden that had grown into a "project". I had patterned the beds in the form of an artist's palette. When viewed from a hillside to the north of my home, the flowers looked like blobs of paint on a huge palette.

While I was busy in my garden a family of tourists in a drive-yourself automobile stopped near the place I was weeding. The spokesman of this party, obviously a person used to having his orders carried out, called to me, "Come here, my man."

I took off my hat, an old and almost

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QUEBEC—Quebec Hospital Service Association, 1200 St. Alexander Street, Montreal 2. E. Duncan Millican, President. Tel. UNiversity 6-4511.

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEWFOUNDLAND, NOVA SCOTIA, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND—Maritime Hospital Association, 110 MacBeath Avenue, Moncton, N.B. Ruth Cook Wilson, Executive Director. Tel. 9621.

defunct pith helmet from Egypt, and went over to the car. "Yes, sir? May I help you?"

He nodded toward my house. "Does Lana Turner live here?"

In a courteous tone I replied, "If Lana Turner did live here, sir, do you think I'd be outdoors?"

The gentleman drove off, puzzled. The other members of his party kept looking back at me, as if hoping I never would get an old-age pension. I returned inside the house to find that my young caller had completed his inspection.

He asked with a tone of much interest, "And you *like* this man?"

"I think the world of him."

"But he can't be a very pleasant character."

"I never ask that anyone be pleasant to me. All that I seek in a man is native intelligence and integrity in his thinking."

I have not seen this young man again, but I should like to think he has gone far

GEORGES SCHREIBER'S caricature of Sadakichi Hartmann.

in whatever work he has chosen to pursue. For he displayed a quick understanding.

He shook hands cordially with me. "We shall write Mr. Hartmann down as 'harmless,'" he said.

"Good," I replied. "But be sure not to let him know you call him that."

The month of May came, and with it a great sorrow. Barrymore, while on his way to a radio broadcast, fell ill, then collapsed at the studio.

Earlier that day I had telephoned to ask him how he was feeling. "I feel like hell," he had said. "That's precisely how I feel."

Lionel Barrymore, Decker, and remained at the Hollywood Hospital while Jack made his last stand. He stayed alive for ten days after his collapse. A

ten-thirty o'clock on the night of May 29, 1942, he died.

The morning after Barrymore died Sadakichi telephoned from Banning. At first I was not disposed to talk to him. I had not been to bed all night or eaten breakfast. Besides, I would be late for an executors' meeting at which Jack's will was to be read.

I decided to forgo shaving and a cold shower to accept Hartmann's call, thinking, of course, that he meant to speak of Jack's death.

Nothing of the sort. While I was turning over in my tired mind what, if anything, I should say to him were he resolved to run the roadblock of wartime watchers for Japanese, good or bad, he announced, "I am still of the opinion that Holbein was left-handed."

"What the hell are you talking about?" I asked.

As nearly as I can recall this conversation—for, as I say, I was tired, and the whisky of the long night had done nothing for me that it should have—well, I think our conversation ran about as follows.

"When I say something about art or an artist," he muttered, "I do not need to supply proof. I am an authority."

"Sadakichi, make it snappy, will you?" I said. "Jack is dead, and I have to attend to several things."

"When Decker offered his puny arguments," Hartmann persisted, "I supposed at the time that he knew I was talking of Hans Holbein the Younger. And I re-repeat now what I said: Holbein was left-handed."

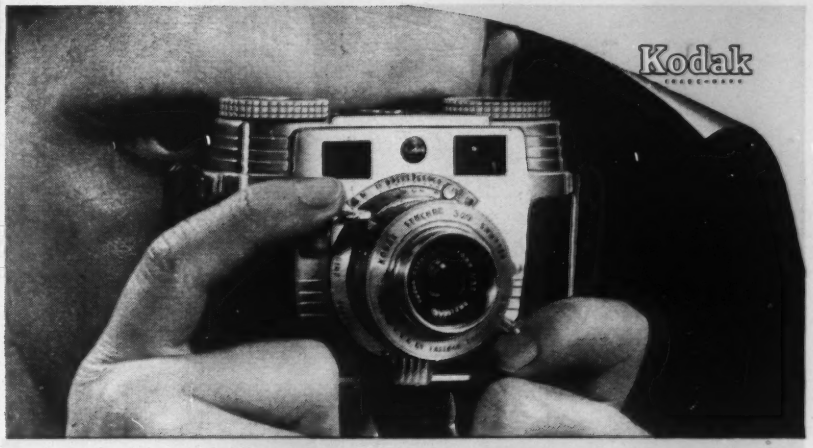
For a moment or so I thought I was indeed drunk and having an aural version of the willies. "All right then," I agreed. "Holbein was left-handed. So were Queen Victoria and Babe Ruth. And I don't give a damn if he painted with his feet!"

"You are being difficult," he said. "Or were you asleep as usual when I gave my opinion on Holbein? Hah!"

I managed to recall the scene to which he was referring. There had been a spirited argument at Decker's the day of Hartmann's last visit. Sadakichi had described a self-portrait by the sixteenth-century master as sure evidence of his left-handedness. That self-portrait, Hartmann had said, showed the artist holding his brush in the left hand. Decker had countered with the remark that artists commonly used mirrors when painting their own portraits, and that the reversed image in the mirror would make the right hand seem the left.

"And now," Sadakichi was saying to me over the telephone, "I clearly remember the way the ink strokes ran in the many pen-drawings Holbein made for Erasmus's *Praise of Folly*."

"Sadakichi," I said, "don't you know Jack is dead? And I don't care if Holbein



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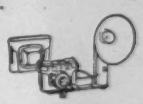

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was left-handed, or if Raphael had a harelip, or if Homer was a nance. If you need money, say so, and I'll send it as soon as I can."

I am ashamed to say that I hung up on the old man, for I was genuinely angry with him for not mentioning Barrymore.

On the way to the meeting at Lionel's house I realized belatedly that Sadakichi had been covering up, in a manner of speaking; and by means of his cynical show of indifference at the death of a friend had meant to conceal a real sense of personal loss.

The executors named by John Barrymore to administer his estate were attorney Gordon W. Levoy, Lionel, and I. Although the reading of the will was a legal requirement, it seemed an ironical much-ado about next-to-nothing.

The man who had made three million dollars in his time died with but sixty cents in the clothes he had worn to the hospital. Any things of worth that remained at Tower Road (and the hillside mansion had been sacked of its treasure), together with the house and grounds, upon which rare trees thirsted, were to be auctioned off to satisfy income-tax liens.

Decker and I had some difficulty persuading Fields to serve as a pallbearer at Barrymore's funeral. "The time to carry a pal," he said, "is when he's still alive."

We finally got his promise to be at the funeral. He refused, however, to go with us in the black limousine supplied by the undertaker, in which we had come to his house. He said he didn't like black except when playing roulette, and would go to Calvary Cemetery in his own automobile.

"Besides," he added, "I have some necessary tonics in my car. I am a highly civilized man."

After the requiem mass in the chapel at the cemetery, when the vault was about to be sealed with a marble facing, Fields whispered in my ear, "Don't be a sucker. Come with me in my car. Let's blow."

Fields's chauffeur drove the car slowly out the cemetery gates, where some workmen were pouring concrete into moulds for coffin vaults. W. C. said under his breath, "Hope chests!" then added vehemently, "This is my last trip to a cemetery!"

"Aren't you forgetting something?" I asked.

"I'm going to be cremated," retorted Uncle Claude, "even if it causes an explosion, and have my ashes thrown like confetti all around the nineteenth hole of the nearest golf club."

This is the ninth of ten excerpts from "Minutes of the Last Meeting", by Gene Fowler. Copyright 1954 by Gene Fowler. A Viking Press book published in Canada by The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd. (pp. 277, $4.50). The last instalment will appear in next week's issue.

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Films

Backwoods Plutarch

By Mary Lowrey Ross

SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS is the screen version of Stephen Vincent Benet's short-story exercise on the Rape of the Sabine Women. This may sound formidable as screen musical material, but, as it works out, the backwoods version of Plutarch prances through its songs and dances with immense energy and a cheerful disregard for literary antecedents.

The story has to do with the efforts of Backwoodsman Howard Keel to find himself a wife who will also act as cook-general for himself and his six brothers. He discovers her in Jane Powell, a singing waitress and a fine hand with a stew. So he takes her home and introduces her to his six brothers, a shock-headed group with beards like busbies. After her first dismay, the bride sets to work redding up the cabin and slicking up the brothers with the zest of Snow White working on her seven dwarfs. The bachelor six love it, of course, and when a reading from Plutarch suggests a solution for their own celibacy, they descend on a nearby town and carry off a wagonload of "sobbin' women". The decorously-indecorous ending finds the whole family happily set up with a mass shotgun-wedding ceremony.

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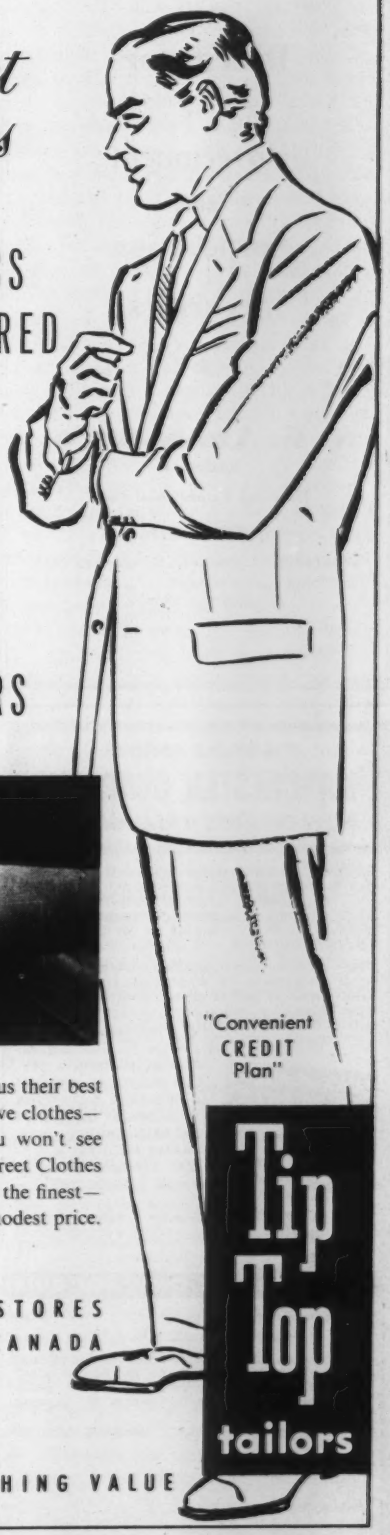

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Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

THERE IS STILL a third important subdivision in F. Dedrle's grouping of echoes. It deals with the rotatory echoes, which turn clockwise around a centre. They are also positive or negative, with or without color change. M. Havel's example, labelled by Alain White as a chameleon, negative, rotary echo, is:

White: K on K1; Q on Q3; Bs on QB1 and K6. Black: K on QKt5; Kt on Q4; Ps on QKt2, QKt3, K6 and K7. Mate in three.

1.B-Kt2, K-B4; 2.B-R3ch, Kt-Kt5; 3.Q-Q5 mate. 1.B-Kt2, P-Kt4; 2.Q-R3ch, K-B5; 3.Q-B3 mate. 1.B-Kt2, K-R4; 2.B-Q7, Kt-B6; 3.BxKt mate.

The first two are the theme variations.

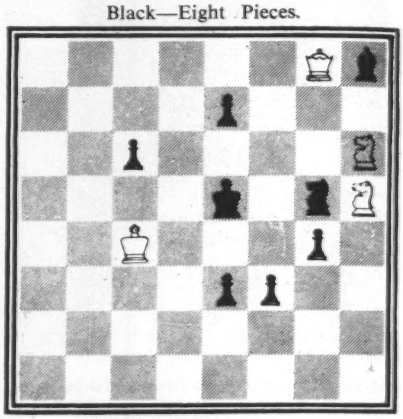
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 84.

Key-move 1.Q-R5, waiting. If P-B4; 2.PxP e.p. mate. If B-R2; 2. QxP mate. If Kt-B4; 2.Kt-Kt6 mate. If Kt else; 2.RxQP mate. If P-Q6; 2.Kt-B3 mate. If Q any; 2.QxQ or BxQ mate accordingly. If PxP; 2.QxP mate.

This is a mutate with two uncommon changes.

PROBLEM NO. 85, by O. Wurzburg.

Black—Eight Pieces.



White—Four Pieces.
White mates in three.

• •

Keep On Hand

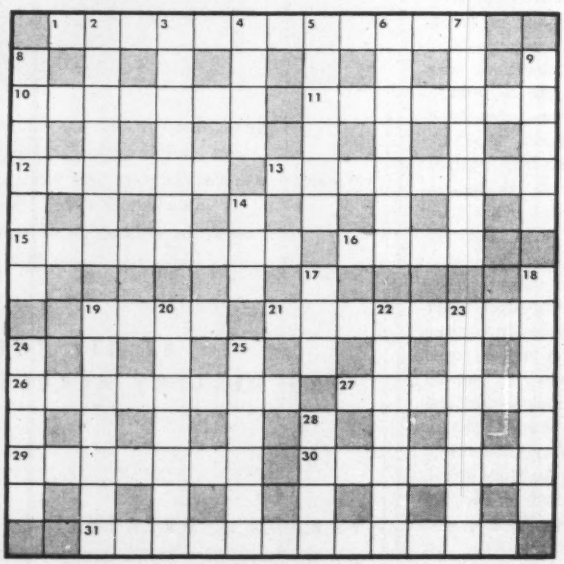
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Victor will, by disregarding 3. (3,5,4)
10. Charges the prisoner again? (7)
11. Part of the skeleton unearthed by Hamlet's grave-digger—(7)
12. —in this setting? (6)
13. They separate canines when biting. (8)
15. See 19 across.
16. See 28.
19, 15. Russian project for those in kindergarten? (4-4, 4)
21. Breeze away from Dinah when she sings! (3-5)
26. Insecure belt-line? (8)
27. Chalked up for promotion? (6)
29. Contains iron, and that's for sure! (7)
30. Does one mean this flower? (7)
31. Substitute for the hired help, with a flick of the wrist? (2,1,5,4)

DOWN

2. It was not exactly fan-tan I showed her in Spain. (7)
3. This will make one reach while another grasps. (5, 2)
4. The egg that got salted away? (4)
5, 28. Used, but not by Capt. Hook? (6-4)
6. Sweet potato that never passes the lips. (7)
7. O nose! I'm getting the odor! (7)
8. They really make thirteen unlucky. (7)
9, 14. See 28.
17, 28. Method of eating by those who lead a hand-to-mouth existence? (3-4)
18. They won't play—but that's off the record. (7)
19. Our clues are, and have to be, out. (7)
20. Smallpox travels through Virginia, Rio de Janeiro and Los Angeles, in short. (7)
22. The point of Cyrano's nose? (7)
23. Yet people go in for these sports! (7)
24. See 28.
25. Provided a crossing for early D.P.'s. (3,3)
28, 9. This results when 28 meets 28. (9)
28, 14. But its presence doesn't necessarily mean it's the woman that pays. (4, 3)
28, 16. The remarks of the dumb are. (4-4)
28, 24. Not as arresting when on the ear. (9)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 9. A fly in the ointment
6, 2. Housefly
10. Gyrate
11. Roi
12. See 34
13. Crisis 15. Entrants
16. Mosquito 20. Extort
21. Effect 23. Enticing
25. Drinkers 27. Gadfly
29. Time 30. See 34
31. Mammon 33. Leash
34, 30, 12. Straining at a gnat

DOWN

2, 8. Fly swatter
3. Years
4. Needs
5,2. Horsefly
7. Orgiastic
8. See 2
9. See 1
14. Rio
17. Queen bees
18. In the bag
19. One
22. Furtive
24. Nil
26. Smart
27. Gamma
28. Demon
32. Own (333)

Business

The Ideal Executive: Recipe for Success

By RALPH I. WOLFE

PSYCHIATRY is not a new science. It is as old as medicine and, in fact, could be called the art of medicine. The old-fashioned country doctor practised much of it, mainly on the basis of intuition. Now, it is recognized as a specialized branch.

The trend of the present day towards specialization has come about through the advances in knowledge and the resulting extension of the frontiers of science; in this march of events psychiatry is coming into its own. Emotions and their accompanying upsets are no respecters of persons. They affect individuals from all walks of life; the housewife, career woman, doctor, laborer are all equally subject to the tensions and stresses of modern living. Nor are executives exempt. An organization is only as efficient as its leaders and if there is a weakness in that area it is felt all the way down the ladder and even out to a much wider field.

Most men of executive ability have worked up from the ranks. Time and money have been expended to promote their growth into potential executive material. Surely, in view of such expenditure, we would be shortsighted if we did not safeguard health. Nor can the health of the individual be separated into two distinct subdivisions, physical and emotional, because the individual is a whole.

That emotions can affect the efficiency of an organization is a real and difficult problem for management. Here, by way of illustration, are some mythical, but typical, case histories.

J. B., after having a domestic quarrel with his wife, left home in a rage, his breakfast poorly digested. (Everyone is aware of what happens when people are angry—the equilibrium and smooth functioning of the body are disturbed.) Poor J. B. arrives at the office conscious of an acute physical discomfort. With his rage still burning and his heart pounding, he comes to the office and takes out his irritation on everyone and the efficiency level of his staff drops abruptly.

S. B., who, through conscientious effort has risen to a position of trust and responsibility, appears to be bland, suave and unruffled. But within himself he is torn by an inward rage of frustration which he cannot discharge. Those to whom he is responsible have incorporated a series of ideas into a policy which it is his duty to present. The policy is not well received and S. B. has to absorb a great deal of hostility. Like most people, he would rather be liked than have such hostility directed towards him. If this sequence is repeated, tension within himself can mount to the point where he may even develop a skin rash or other visible signs of stress.

V. J. is now in a position of prominence in his firm. He began as a lad of 14 with limited educational background, but his diligence and self-improvement have increased his technical knowledge until it is the equivalent to that of a man who has a series of academic degrees. His enterprise and personal effort have been instrumental in expanding the plant five-fold. However, V. J. does not feel sufficiently rewarded. He feels shut out and is sensitive to criticism by those above him who have made little contribution. He develops tension symptoms, throbbing headaches, nervous tics and feels wave on wave of anxiety. He is in a constant state of suppressed rage; living in primitive times he would have committed a hostile act and by physical aggression would have discharged his rage by eliminating its cause. We are civilized and controlled, so this man now becomes a problem rather than an asset to the executive group.

Ashley & Crippen

DR. WOLFE is a specialist in psychiatry and is on the staff of the New Mount Sinai Hospital in Toronto.

There is no such thing as an ideal executive, but there are many factors that help to make a good one. In the first place, the man's personal life must be in order if he is to devote his full time and energy for the good and welfare of the firm—with secondary benefit to himself. Therefore, a mature person is necessary. He does not have to be a genius, although he should have somewhat better than average intelligence. His inclination should be towards dwelling less upon his needs for recognition than on devoting his efforts towards the good and welfare of his firm. Approval will come anyway, but it should not be the main reason for his effort. He should not be too concerned with the externals, the shallow means of demonstrating success, which lead to living beyond one's means; he should possess a keen sense of proportion.

A certain amount of insecurity is desirable. Complacency leads to smugness, lack of initiative and stagnation of effort. Such insecurity, whether it stems from one's background or elsewhere, can be a propelling force, making a person feel the need to better himself and re-evaluate his own growth process. It is a mature form of humility — not of the Uriah Heepish order but of that kind which recognizes that no one is infallible.

A man is only as good as his friends, associations and recreation. Ideally, then, he is curious about life, constantly alive and interested. He is flexible but not vacillating; strong to carry out his convictions and accept responsibility.

He must be sensitive to the moods and needs of others around him. This is a form of selflessness which leads to personal success without success being the primary motive. Such a person has a holistic approach to problems; he sees the building, not just the bricks. This mature humility enables him to be receptive to useful ideas, even from those whom he could consider his intellectual inferiors. He does not feel threatened, but is able

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

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By W. P. Snead

International Utilities

DO YOU CONSIDER *International Utilities common a hold or a sale at the present time? — P. E., Jefferson, North Carolina.*

From the short term view, after a considerable rise from the 1953 low of 24 to a high of 36½, which has brought the yield on the present dividend down to under four per cent, it would appear that the stock has moved into a selling range.

From the long term view, it has an excellent number of qualifications for being classed as a "growth" stock. It will participate in the projected Trans-Canada pipeline to bring natural gas to Eastern Canada and is expanding western operations. Besides the distribution of electricity and gas by the subsidiary companies, it is also distributing propane, or bottled gas.

This is reflected in the earnings statements of the past 2½ years. In 1952 earnings per common share were $1.69. These increased to $1.96 in 1953 and to $1.61 for the first six months of this year.

Were it not for the expected heavy demands upon capital required for expansion and the 12½ per cent participation in the Trans-Canada line, which may require additional senior financing, an increase in the dividend rate could be expected.

The stock, at its present price and yield, would seem to fit into the "may be held" category with a stop loss about two points under the market. As much of the speculative force that has helped the advance has faded, the prospects of a further broad advance seem limited.

Copper Ridge

WOULD YOU *give me some information on Copper Ridge Silver Zinc Mines? I bought 500 shares at 32 cents and then it went very low. Now it is rising again. Is there any hope of it reaching the price I paid?—J. B. B., Vancouver.*

This company holds 21 claims near Telkwa, B.C. The last ore estimate on the property indicated 394,000 tons of rather low grade ore. The property has been idle since 1952. This can be accepted as an indication that commercial operation is not possible at present metal prices.

No reports of any work being done on the property have been received, but it is possible that an effort is being made to market the remaining shares of the 3 million share capitalization. With 2,025,000 shares issued, it would take considerable news and a lot of effort on the part of the underwriters to raise sufficient money to make a worthwhile addition to the treasury, which at last report had $58,209 in it.

Should an underwriting agreement appear, the stock could be pushed higher. Otherwise, the prospects of a recovery to the level at which you purchased seem small.

Nisto Mines

I WOULD *appreciate your views on the prospects of Nisto Mines. I purchased shares two years ago at 30 cents and since that time it has steadily dropped and the best quotation is about 8 cents. Would you advise holding these or letting them go at the present loss?—L. D. E., Manotick, Ont.*

Nisto has followed the familiar course of small mining companies that are promoted in the hopes of finding a commercial property. The buyer must realize that he is speculating upon hope and not upon the actuality that ore is present.

In this case, the money raised by the financing was spent upon exploration of uranium prospects in the Black Lake area of Saskatchewan. When both diamond drilling and lateral work underground brought only disappointing results, operations were suspended.

With only limited funds available, the company must seek another prospect and have some luck with it if further underwritings on the remaining treasury stock are to be obtained. Unless an underwriting deal appears, the chance of the stock recovering seems very slim and a switch into something with more promise of activity appears to be the only way to recover your loss.

Next time use a stop loss to limit how much you can lose.

Famous Players

I HAVE *invested savings in Famous Players common shares, purchased over the last seven years at an average of $17. Would it now be advisable (in view of the trend of television vs. theatre) to sell at the present 25-26 or would you still recommend the stock for the small saver with the main objective of capital security and regular income? — H. G., Toronto.*

This company and its subsidiaries control and operate 419 theatres and 27

drive-ins, making it the largest concern of its kind in Canada.

Despite the impact of television, earnings have been stable over the past several years and showed a modest increase on the $1.90 earned per common share in 1952 to $2.04 in 1953.

With television now a commonplace and viewers much harder to please, theatre-going should at least continue at present levels and possibly improve.

Leading to the improvement is the much higher quality of picture now being presented by theatres. The days of the double-bill and the dreadful "B" picture, which drove many people away from the theatres to suffer in better comfort in front of a television set—which at least has a knob on it to change programs when they become unendurable—seem to be passing.

The stock market has taken some recognition of this trend and the stock has been carried up from its January low of $19 to a high of $27. On the current dividend rate of $1.50, the stock affords a yield of 5.5 per cent.

As most stocks have difficulty in selling at prices that yield less than 5 per cent, it appears that the price is bumping against a ceiling. As the market has a bad habit of declining every so often, it would seem good tactics to dispose of part of your holdings and use your capital gain to purchase additional shares at a later date at a more advantageous price.

Bata Pete

I BOUGHT *100 shares of Bata Petroleums a few years ago at $1.00 per share. Will you give me your opinion on the future of this stock? Would you advise holding these shares? — H. H. S., Semans, Sask.*

This company is one of the small oil companies which is endeavoring to develop a market for its natural gas output. In the Unity field of Saskatchewan the company now has gas reserves of 24 billion cubic feet and oil reserves of about 2 million barrels.

According to the meagre figures released last June, the company sales amounted to $103,630, which in earnings per share represented a very infinitesimal decimal on the 6,572,514 shares of the 8 million share capital now outstanding. Despite the increase in sales during the previous year, the company suffered a greater net loss in its operations—$22,831 in 1952 to $38,363.

The principal hope for this company seems to lie in the success or failure of the attempts of Western Potash Corporation to reach the potash beds near Unity. As commented upon previously, this venture has had difficulty in overcoming quicksands in the shaft-sinking program.

Bata, which owns 500,000 shares of

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DIVIDEND NO. 271

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1954 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after MONDAY, the FIRST day of NOVEMBER 1954, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th September 1954. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager

Toronto, 3rd September 1954

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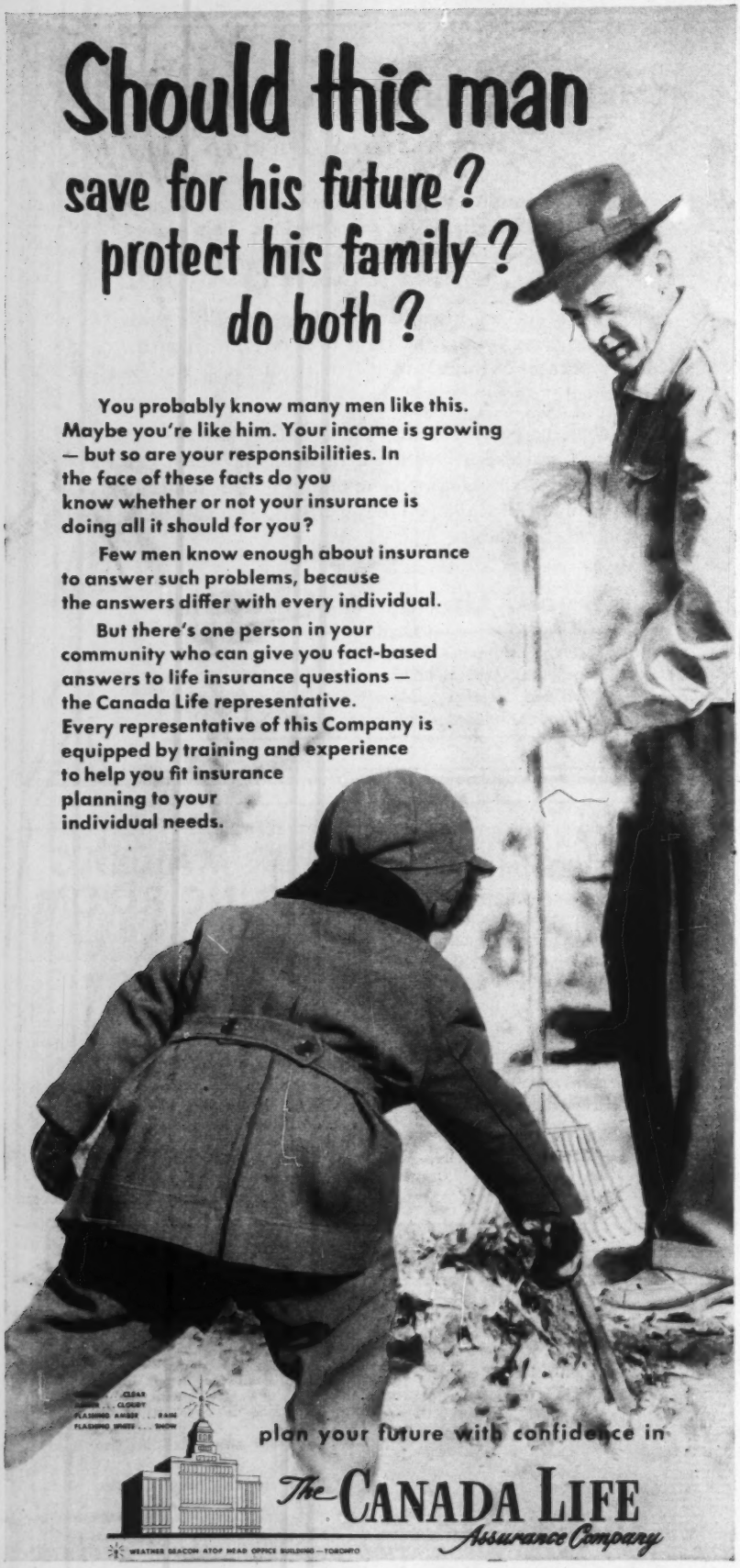
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protect his family?
do both?
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Western Potash, which is carried on the books at $1.00, should benefit considerably if this project proves to be a commercial venture.

The market price of Bata has moved in a trading range of 14-28 cents over the past seven months, with the principal stimulus to the stock being supplied by a Vancouver group, which has underwritten several blocks of shares.

At the present price of 18 cents it would appear a fair gamble for you to risk the loss of the remaining 20 per cent of your capital on the possibility that future developments will prove advantageous to the company. The underwriting of the blocks of stock has improved the financial position of the company considerably and it is possible that, with news, an effort will be made to market the blocks of 200,000 at 35 cents, 200,000 at 45 cents and 100,000 at 50.

In Brief

I BOUGHT *Strike Uranium some time ago. Now it is quoted as offered at 15 cents without a bid. What do you think of it?—S.T., Calgary, Alta.*

Looks like strike three.

WOULD YOU *recommend the purchase of New Continental Oil at the present price of 45 cents?—C.G.M., Toronto.*

No.

I WOULD *like to buy Beattie-Duquesne Mines for capital gains. What is your opinion?—J.Y.M., Unity, Sask.*

You'll need a lot of patience.

DO YOU *consider MacMillan "B" shares a good buy at the present price of 23½ for a moderate hold?—H.A.B., Brockville, Ont.*

Not at the present price and yield.

WHAT ABOUT *Amax Uranium? Is it worth holding? I have a big loss in it.—C.D., Toronto.*

Just on the hopes of its getting a new property.

I OWN *some of those "get rich quick" Canadian oil stocks. One, Rio Prado, I bought when it was Punch Pete and still hold it. Is there any future or should I take my loss?—B.F., New York, NY.*

Looks more of a buy than a sale here.

SEEING *the big news on Sapphire's Wyoming deal I am wondering whether to buy some at $3.25. What is your opinion?—B.T.S., Calgary, Alta.*

With the news out and the chart showing plenty of supply over $3.25, it looks more of a sale than a buy here.

•

Readers requesting information from Gold & Dross must limit their inquiries to one stock and give their name and address in full. The purchase price of the stock should be stated.

Who's Who in Business

Lifetime of Selling

By John Irwin

LOUIS MICHELIN, managing director of the Austin Motor Company (Canada) and of Morris Motors (Canada), subsidiaries of the British Motor Corporation of England, has been in the automotive business from the early days of the Hupmobiles, Stoddart-Daytons and Mitchells. This lifetime of selling has nurtured a shrewdness and an ability to speak his mind. His opinion on the industry today is forceful: "The economy is being disrupted because of the selfish few who, for personal gain or glory, have overproduced to attain a record output, and, in doing so, have sacrificed allied industries and their distributors and dealers through forced quotas and deliberately created an unemployment situation unparalleled since pre-war days". At the same time, he has every confidence in the automotive future of Canada, provided that "the few . . . do not place our economy in jeopardy".

Ashley & Crippen

LOUIS MICHELIN

Mr. Michelin was born in London, England, in 1900, and came to Canada with his parents when he was 11. Early childhood memories include fishing for salmon in Cowichan Bay, near Victoria, "using Indian dugouts and Indian technique, which netted us so many fish that it was impossible to carry them home". His first job was as "a grease monkey, car washer and gas pumper in the era of the Hupmobiles, the time of five gallons of gas and a quart of oil, plus a teaspoonful of carbonboid at $5.00 a week". He left the automotive business only once.

At the age of 16, he enlisted in the Army and spent his 17th birthday in France with the Artillery (12th Battery, London, Ont.) taking part in the memorable battles of Vimy Ridge and Passschendaele. "My mother sent my birth certificate to the War Office and for me the war ended suddenly."

He joined the staff of Thomas Plimley Ltd., of Victoria, in 1921, working in the stores and later in the used car department. "We weathered the depression together and were one of the few companies who paid creditors 100 cents on every dollar." His experience during those dark days "when we had to sell before we could take home enough food to enable our families to exist", left a lasting imprint on his mind. As sales manager, he handled automobiles bearing such names as Packard, Willys Overland, Cole, Chandler, Chalmers, Maxwell, Chrysler and in the imported field, Rolls-Royce, Bentley, Jaguar, Austin, Morris, Standard and Rover.

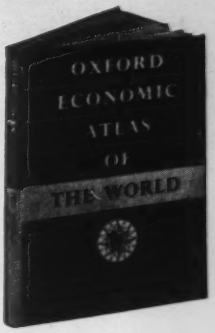
During World War II, he was Quartermaster of the 3rd Battalion, Canadian Scottish (Princess Mary's) "which occupied most of my leisure hours".

In 1949, he was appointed vice-president of all Plimley's interests, consisting of ten companies.

Mr. Michelin has travelled extensively and knows intimately many cities in Canada and the United States, "from St. John's to Victoria and from New York to San Francisco". On one of his business trips to Toronto he met Sir Leonard Lord, the head of the Austin company. In 1951, Mr. Michelin was appointed to his present dual post.

He married in 1920 and "my two boys and daughter are presenting us with grandchildren—the score up to now is three". He is a lover of horses, boats and golf (he "enjoys a terrible game"), an ardent reader of detective stories and likes to relax listening to recorded Western music and the Mills Brothers. A short, friendly man with a warm personality and a relaxed manner, he is a member of several clubs.

Naturally, his greatest passion centres around automobiles. "I raced in my youth on dirt tracks, but now watch sedately from the sidelines." He rides to his oak-paneiled Toronto office, where his "desk is always clear thanks to my efficient executive group", in an MG Magnette.



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The Ideal Executive

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

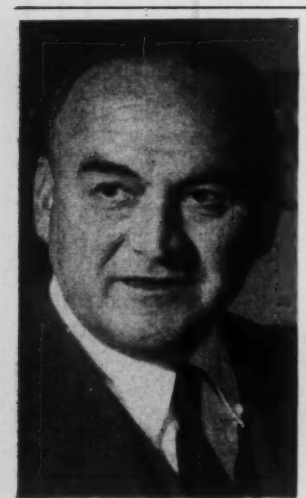
to accept the integrity of the people whom he is called upon to lead. This is indeed valuable to his firm because all individuals have resources and strengths, some latent or being used far below capacity, which can be tapped and utilized.

In other words, such a man functions almost like the catalyst in a chemical process, in that he is a constant entity in a changing scene, able to bring out the best in everyone with whom he must deal.

To help in the training and development of executive personnel, a good organization should have a feeling of unity, of teamwork, which in a good many cases has had more talk than effort directed towards its building. Those in the organization should have a feeling of some security and faith in the structure to which they are dedicated and here attention is drawn to the need for some form of social security, health benefits, hospitalization, retirement plan and recreational resources. The individual must be made to feel that he is a participant.

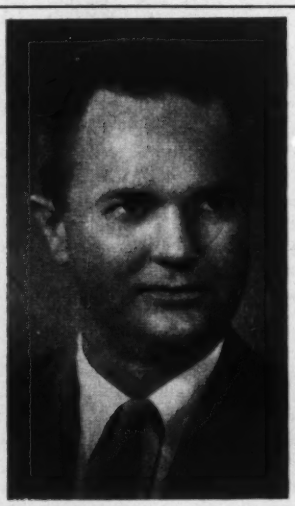
That many executives are becoming increasingly alert to these problems is borne out by the recent formation in the United States of The Corporate Foundation for Research and Training in Psychiatry. Here business and medicine will join hands to tackle the problems of research and training in mental hygiene. More and more it is recognized that a factory or office is not just a building full of machines.

To spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on such advanced production techniques as automation and neglect the people who must do what the machines cannot is a basic error. If we are to have real progress, human and economic, the people are the deciding factor.



MICHAEL L. STIVER

W. S. MOWAT



BENJAMIN H. HOLDSWORTH

REGINALD F. WALSH

J. Walter Thompson Company Limited announces the appointment of Michael L. Stiver as Managing Director of the Montreal Office. Mr. Stiver has been a member of the Thompson organization since 1929 and has been Manager of the Company's International Offices in New Zealand, Australia and England, and from 1945 to 1953 was Manager of the Argentine Office where he was responsible for the Thompson operations in Uruguay and Chile as well.

The Company announces the appointment of Mr. Stiver as Vice-President and Director and the appointment of Mr. W. S. Mowat and Benjamin H. Holdsworth of the Montreal Office and Mr. Reginald F. Walsh of the Toronto Office as Vice-Presidents. ★

women

POPULARITY *of Dior's Paris showings is seen in photograph at the top of the page, with the fashion press even seated on the stairs in the salon. Directly above is a pearl-grey satin evening gown, which Dior calls "Angelique". A straight sheath, it has the high fitted décolletage and a hipline bow swirling into sari drapery. This original model is exclusive in Canada with Holt Renfrew's.*

Conversation Pieces:

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY: One of the oldest period pieces in Canadian railroad history recently pulled into the Ottawa Union Station. It was a train of little yellow cars headed by Engine 204 (A.D. 1872). An ancient "cabbage stacker", it was built on a scale to impress the Fathers of Confederation. It looked like something out of a comic cartoon. Everything except the lordly champagne buckets and two-yolk egg-cups in the dining-car was period, or toy-size. The view-windows were on the scale of a gentleman's Kleenex, the coal tender was little bigger than a window box. Even the driver, on the recent trial trip, was on the diminutive scale. She was Mayor Charlotte Whitton of Ottawa.
"It takes me right back to my girlhood," sighed her Worship slipping down from the throttle of 204 at the end of the run. Mayor Whitton's driving, it turned out, was entirely in pantomime. The actual work was done by Engine 674. Engine 204 wasn't quite up to it.

THE NEW H and S silhouettes, definitely distinguishable, are now beginning to appear in public. Oblate-spheroid or O-shaped customers will just have to make the best adaptations they can of the new trends. Meanwhile, even the H-shaped models continue to look a little queer, with the cross-bar, or belt, riding the lower section.

A MINOR British sensation occurred earlier in the season when the really smart men-folk turned up at Ascot wearing moustaches. The trend was established in a twinkling and since it takes a good deal more than a twinkling to establish a moustache, there was an instant rush for "falsies" at a guinea ($2.94) apiece. According to Gerald Rex, whisker-maker to the theatrical trade, the demand was astonishing. One customer even insisted on a white moustache, complete with a slight documentary tobacco stain. It seems there is no defeating the resourcefulness of the British sportsman.

From other sources we learn that British electrolysists are now treating the hairline of male customers. Men with low, beetling brows can go into the beauty-salons looking like readers of *News of the World* and come out looking like subscribers to *The New Statesman and Nation.*

WE'VE BEEN LOOKING into the question of Christian names lately, and have discovered that Shirley and Marlene no longer figure largely on birth certificates. There has also been a sharp falling-off in Marilyns. On the other hand, there is small but alarming uptrend in Zsa Zsas.

Dancing Figurines

DRESDEN *china figurine as a modern dancer. At Montreal Simpson's, about $41.75.*

Ashley & Crippen

Photo Engravers

DRESDEN *china dancer (top right), with "lace" skirts. At Ashley China, Toronto, about $29.*

DANCING *figurine (directly above), from Germany. At Toronto Birks, about $28.50.*

A NEW *ballet figurine, La Sylphide, in the Royal Doulton series, about $25.25.*

Canadian Personalities

MRS. DOROTHY RUNGELING: *a part-time instructor at the Welland (Ont.) flying club, recently became the third woman in Canada to be granted a senior commercial pilot's licence. She lives in Fenwick with her husband, who doesn't fly, and her 11-year-old son.*

MRS. ARCHIBALD (BABS) BROWN: *writer of the radio program for children, CBC's "Cuckoo Clock House", which has won three international and two Canadian awards. Mrs. Brown is President of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club and has a son and daughter at the University of Toronto.*

Photo: Milne

MRS. H. RICHARDSON MALKIN: *President of the Vancouver Symphony Society, for which, in 1950, she started children's concerts. She also initiated a children's magazine for the Junior League. Mrs. Malkin has a son at the University of BC and a 16-year-old daughter. All the family love to fish; they live at the sea shore.*

Photo: Marlow

JACKIE MACDONALD: *a Toronto public school teacher, who took second place in the shot-put at the British Empire and Commonwealth Games this summer, making a Canadian record, too. She is a former diving champion and has played seven seasons on champion basketball teams.*

Photo: Ashley & Crippen

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Letters

Bikinis

IS IT ELATING that our Bikini suits take us back (or down) to the 3rd century? Is this to be called progress or regression? St. Paul had this to say to the Romans: "What fruit . . . had you in those things (i.e., vices, uncleanness, etc.) of which you are now ashamed? . . . For the end of this is death." Alas! we don't seem to be ashamed of our present degradation. We trifle with it or even glory in it.

Let humanity (encouraged by many papers and writers) keep paganizing itself and Emerson will have guessed right when he wrote: The end of the human race will be that it will eventually die of civilization (i.e., paganization). . .

Let us go up, not down, with the centuries. Otherwise there will not be another century, I fear.

(REV.) PIERRE DE MONTIGNY
Drummondville, Que.

Bigotry?

I AM not a Roman Catholic, but I feel I must make some sort of a protest against the recent attack by the United Church of Canada on the Roman Catholic Church . . . It is incredible that there should be such bigotry between Christians. If the United Church ministers honestly believe that the Roman Catholics are being misled, let them follow the Scriptures and take the Gospel with energy and courage to the people they think are following false prophets—instead of snarling from the sidelines . . . Perhaps they are too busy with their social and financial promotions . . .

Winnipeg ARNOLD DEGRAAF

Wasted Food

WHAT Lord Boyd-Orr has to say about food as a weapon for peace cannot be repeated too often, particularly in the light of the scandalous waste of food which goes on in this country. One has only to see the food left on plates in restaurants to realize that few here have ever felt the pinch of hunger. Spoilage and wastage in groceterias and at the greengrocers seem too high. The worst examples I have observed recently, however, occurred at the CNE, where "summer bachelors" concocted extravagant messes, obviously inedible, and seemed to think that such cooking was amusing. Conservation needs to be practised in the kitchen as well as the countryside.

Goderich, Ont. (MRS.) B. M. FLOWERS

Culture Forgotten

THE adulation lavished on the young swimmer, Marilyn Bell, is a glaring demonstration of the intellectual sterility of Canadians. Hers was a remarkable physical feat, and she deserved praise for her skill and courage—but that is all. Just as much courage and a great deal more skill is often required in the painting of a picture, the writing of a book, the composing of a piece of music and in other artistic and cultural efforts. European countries erect monuments to their great creators; all that Canadians can do is to "go gaga" over some muscular young man or woman . . .

Toronto CAROL SWASEY

Cost of Books

I AM GETTING a little tired of the a-good-book-costs-the-same-as-a-good-dinner argument expressed by Robertson Davies (Sept. 11). I can get a book for the price of a good dinner provided it doesn't cost more than a dollar . . . Sometimes I buy books that cost as much as theatre tickets, so I can hardly ever afford to go to the theatre; my music I get free, from my low-fidelity radio. The cost of periodicals also runs high—I presume Mr. Davies would agree that he who knows only SATURDAY NIGHT doesn't know even that properly. It's not only that I mind the high cost of culture—I object to being harangued by people who get a lot of books given to them, maybe even some they would have bough anyway, and who can also go to plays, concerts, and eat out occasionally. . .

Toronto JOCELYN DINGMAN

Greatest Canadian

AFTER the brief controversy over a national hero for Canada, I would have thought that the next subject of discussion would be "the greatest Canadian". There is a big difference, of course, between national heroes and great citizens. The heroes must have a sort of glamour, and this rules out most great citizens. There is no doubt, for example, that William Lyon Mackenzie King has the best claim to the title of Greatest Canadian.

Mr. King's reputation for caution, parsimony and so on would rule him out as a Hero, but his tremendous work for Canada clearly made him the greatest citizen in this nation's history. One has merely to recall some of his achievements: guiding Canada from nominal sovereignty to true nationhood; creating a consciousness of national unity; setting Canada firmly on the path of enlightened Liberalism; laying the groundwork for unparalleled development of resources . . . This covers only a small part of what he did.

St. John, NB. FRANK T. BEASLEY

Of Many Things

YOU have had some correspondence recently in your columns about immigration. Why not ask Premier Smallwood of Newfoundland about highly skilled immigrants? He learnt about it—the hard way.

Pictou, NS. IAN MACDONALD

I WAS delighted with the page of cartoons on the French political situation in your issue of Sept. 18. Why can't Canada produce a political cartoonist with the technical skill of Crawford, the insight of Little or the humor of Vicky?

Halifax R. L. PATTINSON

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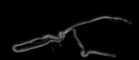
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